The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME VI | New York, Saturday, April 15, 1916 | Number 76

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A BREAK with Germany has seemed inevitable on so many occasions during the past year that one hesitates to anticipate a final severance of diplomatic relations; but at the present time there seems to be for the American Government no self-respecting alternative. It is not merely a question of the Sussex. The German admiralty may still be trying to pay some attention to American susceptibilities, but it will not abandon the use of submarines as commerce destroyers; and unless it does so, President Wilson is bound to fail in his most cherished and far-reaching purpose. He will fail to make secure the lives of non-combatants at sea and prevent the ocean from becoming lawless belligerent territory. The recent behavior of the German submarines reduces him to the ugly and inexorable choice between the abandonment of the great object for which he has been contending and a break with Germany. But if he prefers to break, as in our opinion he must, he should do so with a full understanding of the probable consequences. The United States cannot afford to incur the enmity of Germany without making friends with which to redress the balance. The break, perturbing and dangerous as it is, bestows on Mr. Wilson a unique opportunity of statesmanship. It will enable him to establish for the United States a special, a useful, perhaps even an indispensable place in an improved European political system.

WHATEVER we may think of the merits of Bethmann-Hollweg's peace proposals, we have every reason for commending the method of their promulgation. For the government to take the German people into its confidence in this way is essentially a democratic procedure. It is the people who are bearing the cost in suffering and privation, and they have a right to an exposition of the ends the government is seeking to realize. Before the war the ruling class in Germany was suspected by Germans themselves of a yearning for an adventurous policy of domination, and it must be reassuring to those who have felt the weight of the war that the government renounces all intentions of extensive conquests, if it ever cherished such intentions, as the Allies and most neutrals still believe. But in spite of the apparent moderation of the German Chancellor's peace proposals, there are several points, notably the reference to Belgium, that are ominous. Germany, according to the Chancellor, is ready to give the lesser peoples, Poles, Lithuanians, Belgians, and Flemish, "a chance of free evolution along the lines of their mother tongue and national individuality." What is the meaning of the separate specification of Flemish and Belgians? That Belgium is to be split into two nations? According to the census of 1910, 3,200,000 Belgians speak only Flemish, 2,800,000 only French, and 800,000 speak both languages. The Flemish population is concentrated chiefly in the provinces of Limburg, Antwerp and East and West Flanders. This represents a broad belt extending from the German border to the North Sea. Napoleon III and Bismarck once entered upon negotiations for dividing Belgium, giving the above named provinces to Germany and the rest to France.

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Is it Bethmann-Hollweg's plan to carry out the division now, creating a French Belgium subservient to France and a Flemish Belgium subservient to Germany? This would doubtless be an acceptable compromise between the German annexationists and anti-annexationists. It would be revolting to everyone else.

PROGRESSIVES who are rejoicing at the probable renewal of their political association with the Republican machine should read a speech recently delivered in Chicago by Senator Warren S. Harding of Ohio. Senator Harding is a former Foraker henchman who has been selected by the Republican National Committee as temporary chairman for the coming national convention. He is to make the "key-note" speech, in which the American people are to be told in winged words of Democratic failings and Republican merits, and in which the "olive branch" is to be held out to the penitent and chastened Progressives. It is reassuring to hear, consequently, that according to this prophet of future Republicanism "the protective policy will be the great issue of the coming campaign." "Preparedness" looms up in Mr. Harding's mind chiefly as a matter of increasing protection. That is the one "constructive" idea in a painfully non-committal speech which for the rest characterizes McKinley as the great "apostle" of Republicanism and Lincoln as its "cordial supporter," and which offers the following chunk of wisdom as a little modest contribution to American foreign policy. "We ought not to listen to cowardly persons who are so awed by the magnitude of the conflict that they are unmindful of our just rights. Nor should we be led by the rash enthusiasts who think it our function to sober a continent which has become war-crazed. The great American heart is generally right. . . . We ought to see in the light of spirit and conscience the wise course and steer straight ahead."

THE policy of the French General Staff regarding Verdun is becoming increasingly evident. They are making the Germans pay a fancy price for every tree and rock and furrow within the zone of fighting. Dead Man's Hill or Cumières, Bras or Vaux, each is held at a figure to be reckoned in dead Germans, not in shot and shell. For neither forty-two-centimeter howitzers nor asphyxiating gas nor liquid fire takes the place of infantry, let the Wolff Bureau say what they please. Not all the armorers and chemists in Germany have yet found any substitute for a man, or ever will. Each trench and earthwork and redoubt around Verdun will cost the Germans just so much in blood and death and mutilation. That is the coin in which they will have to pay, and it is upon the amount of men so spent that the reputations of the General Staff, of the Crown Prince and Falkenhayn, depend. Meanwhile, on the rest of the west front, the invisible, unreported game is being played by both sides, the shifting of artillery and infantry reserves from Switzerland to the Channel. For after all, great as the losses are around Verdun, the number of men there engaged is small compared to the numbers elsewhere mobilized. Always a surprise is possible; feint must be met with feint, demonstration with demonstration. For at any moment a greater battle than the Battle of Verdun may be joined in Flanders or Artois or Champagne or the Vosges.

RUMORS of Carranzista treachery continue monotonously to emanate from El Paso. One "de facto" general is accused, falsely, as we soon learn from the army in the field. El Paso accuses another general, again falsely. Presently we shall be served with tales of the treachery of invented generals commanding imaginary army corps. Now, *noisome odors do not emanate from nothing.* What is the source, in El Paso or New York? And what is the purpose subserved? A little excitement among the readers of the Hearst papers, a little misguided fervor of patriotism among the members of Mexican juntas in San Antonio and New York seem to be the only tangible results. The idea that our soldiers in Mexico may be goaded into rash action against the Carranzistas is too preposterous to be entertained. There is nothing less to their taste than the thought of having to subjugate Mexico. Equally preposterous is the idea that the Carranzistas are spoiling for a fight with the United States. Villa, so someone asserts, believed that he could easily march a force to some seaport like Cincinnati and effect a junction there with the Germans or Japanese. But so far as we can learn, Villa is the only stark madman who has held high command in Mexico.

MEXICAN patriots who are clamoring for the early retirement of the American troops are performing a service of very dubious value to their country. If they have the least understanding of the present mood of the American people, they must realize that there is no chance at all of the Villa hunt degenerating into an imperialistic foray. But before the army retires it must at least account for Villa. If we retire without effecting any more substantial result than the dispersal of Villa's bands, there can be no guaranty that we may not later be drawn into Mexico when the spirit of the country is less kindly. Villa at large would quickly reassemble his followers and again menace our border. We may smile with

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our more humorous German critics over one "Veracrusade" and perhaps two, but in the end we should insist on accomplishing something, at whatever cost.

OREGON has a law which says that "it is the public policy of the state of Oregon that no person shall be hired nor permitted to work for wages, under any conditions or terms, for longer hours or days of service than is consistent with his health and physical wellbeing and ability to promote the general welfare by his increasing usefulness as a healthy and intelligent citizen. It is hereby declared that the working of any person more than ten hours in one day, in any mill, factory, or manufacturing establishment is injurious to the physical health and wellbeing of such person, and tends to prevent him from acquiring that degree of intelligence that is necessary to make him a useful and desirable citizen of the state." The Oregon Supreme Court has declared this statute constitutional. It is now before the Supreme Court of the United States. The question is, does the police power cover such legislation or is it a violation of "liberty" under the Fourteenth Amendment? It is the first time that the court has had to deal with the working hours of men since the Lochner case in 1905, when a ten-hour law applying to bakers in New York was annulled. The court reasoned then that it had not been convinced that baking is a "dangerous occupation." Thus as matters stand now it is constitutional to limit the hours of women, but of men only in certain accepted dangerous trades. In this so-called Bunting case which comes from Oregon, the attempt will be made to secure a decision extending the right to limit men's hours in all trades.

THE argument is that practically any trade becomes a dangerous trade if the hours are overlong. To prove it the state of Oregon has submitted a brief about a thousand pages long which is an exhaustive collection of all the available facts and opinions, medical, economic, moral, drawn from the whole world, which bear upon the question of overwork. It was prepared by Miss Josephine Goldmark of the National Consumers' League in consultation with Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, who was to have argued the case, but of course had to withdraw when he was nominated for the Supreme Court. At the invitation of Attorney-General Brown of Oregon, Professor Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School was invited to take Mr. Brandeis's place. Miss Goldmark's brief has more than a passing interest. It is more than a bit of argument. It is really an authoritative treatise on the effect of fatigue, as applied to men as well as women. It carries on her masterly work now published under the title "Fatigue and Efficiency." It contains more honest and illuminated research than has ever before been brought to the support of a piece of American labor legislation. For this brief is not only an argument to a court, it is a scientific demonstration of the need for shorter working hours, and it will be used for a long time by legislators, trade unionists, and by enlightened employers as a book of reference and authority. We hope in a later issue to summarize it.

IN the current issue of the *Metropolitan Magazine* there is an admirable article by Mr. William Hard on "How Roosevelt Kept Peace." No clearer and more convincing exposition of Mr. Roosevelt's diplomatic method has been written. Mr. Hard shows that in dealing with the great crises of his administration, Mr. Roosevelt's treatment of other nations was characterized by an almost unerring instinct for the right proportion of threat, show of force, and willingness to save the other man's face. Mr. Hard also makes clear what it is so necessary to make clear at this time, that Roosevelt, the private citizen, a merciless antagonist with restless invective is a different man from Roosevelt, the President, who always understated his purposes, never used large phrases, and made whatever he said a thing which all the world knew would be precisely and accurately fulfilled. It has always seemed to us a misreading of his career to insist that Mr. Roosevelt in office was bloodthirsty and asking for a war. Mr. Hard's brilliant article is a complete antidote to that misconception.

SUSAN E. BLOW'S recent death removes one of the very few remaining members of that notable group of educators and thinkers that in the days after the Civil War gave so much intellectual distinction to St. Louis. The liberal German element that came here after the unsuccessful revolution of 1848, best typified by men like Carl Schurz, not only saved Missouri for the Union but supplied a much needed intellectual leaven in the days of material and political reconstruction. Under William T. Harris the public school system of St. Louis became a model for the cities of this and other countries. The union of New England and German idealism which found its organ in Harris's *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, the first philosophic journal in the English language, offered a fit medium for the introduction of Miss Blow's adaptation of the symbolic ideas underlying the Froebel kindergarten. But even in St. Louis it was necessary for Miss Blow to fit out the first kindergarten at her own expense before the sympathetic school officials could venture to introduce it as a permanent feature of public education. Miss Blow continued

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to the end to devote her life and substance to the spread of the kindergarten and its underlying ideas. In recent years there has arisen a great deal of opposition against Miss Blow's Froebelian ideas, similar in scope to the opposition against William T. Harris's Hegelian conception of the common school curriculum. But it would be short-sighted even for the most vigorous opponent of these ideas to deny the great service which Miss Blow and William T. Harris rendered in their day to the cause of national education.

FOR some weeks past Governor Brumbaugh of Pennsylvania has been pretending to think of himself as a presidential candidate. It was not even very much of a pretense, and it was even less convincing than the efforts of a number of "favorite sons" in other commonwealths. Under cover of the Brumbaugh boom, however, a desperate fight was being waged by the Governor's contractor-boss allies, the Vare brothers aided by Mayor Smith, to wrest the control of the state organization from Penrose, McNichol, Oliver, *et al.* In this way Governor Brumbaugh's activities became very odious to the party gangsters of the second part, and apparently they had decided to "Sulzerize" him. First blood has been won by the Governor, who beat his opponents to the newspaper offices with the details of the sordid story. It concerns a check for one thousand dollars sent to Brumbaugh during the campaign for the governorship by his former friend, David B. Oliver, brother of the Pittsburgh senator. This check the Governor says he regarded as a personal gift. He deposited it to his private account and used it for his own purposes after the election. It was not included in any statement of his campaign expenses filed according to law with the Secretary of the Commonwealth.

PENNSYLVANIA is staid and sober, but even in that state the spectacle of Penrose and Oliver in the role of public avengers of political immorality will provoke Homeric laughter. Why were these senatorial sleuths silent so long? Why did they postpone "squealing on the Governor" until they needed to coerce him? Naturally and quite justly Dr. Brumbaugh's friends are shrieking "Blackmail!" at the top of their lungs. But all their clamor will scarcely avail to down the fact that by his own confession the Governor committed the colossal blunder of appearing to misapply and conceal a campaign contribution. Of such stuff as Brumbaughs presidential candidates are no longer made. In the court of public opinion, therefore, the only possible verdict is guilty, applying equally to the Brumbaugh-Vare-Smith clan and the Penrose-McNichol-Oliver gang.

Through Thick and Thin

BETWEEN campaigns political partisanship in the United States was blinder and more vehement twenty-five years ago than it is to-day. Opposition newspapers were slower to praise things that the administration said or did. Administration newspapers did not so often criticize the administration adversely. Since few editors felt free to say upon all occasions what they happened really to think, few got the habit of thinking outside the beaten partisan way. Political writing was mostly advocacy. Political writers were counsel for the defense or the prosecution. Fear of being quoted in approval of the enemy or in opposition to one's own side was a stronger and commoner motive than it is nowadays between campaigns.

Once a campaign is on, however, nearly all political writers and spectators lose whatever impulse they may have had to say what they think. After the conventions have adjourned nearly everybody refuses to admit in public that the candidate whose defeat he desires has a good point or two. Most of us shrink from representing the man whom we want our readers and hearers to vote for as a finite being, having a mixed character and a mind that can do some kinds of work less well than other kinds. Most of us are afflicted with a stone age unwillingness to tell our hearers and readers what we know that all of them know except the very stupidest, namely, that when an American citizen is making up his mind about two candidates for President he is shut up to a choice between two fallible human beings, neither of whom is as great a man as Julius Caesar or Napoleon or Bismarck. To this bad habit of indiscriminate praise, and not a sudden mental breakdown, one must attribute such absurdities as the New York *World's* discovery, made about four years ago, that Mr. Wilson was the greatest living master of the English language. This was like saying that Colonel Roosevelt is as original a faunal naturalist as Charles Darwin, or that Mr. Root thinks as profoundly about politics as Burke.

In the coming campaign THE NEW REPUBLIC will no doubt prefer one candidate, plus the part of his platform that means anything, to the other combination of platform and candidate. We shall make this preference and the reasons for it as plain as we can. But we shall not say, unless we happen also to believe, that the candidate whose election we desire unites all the merits of Pericles, Lincoln, Attila and William Penn. It is possible to vote for a man even if you do not think he can give an all-wise Providence a stroke a hole. It is not possible to read, in Mr. Thayer's life of John Hay, his summary of President Roosevelt's conversation with Dr. Holleben without admitting that President Roosevelt then

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acted with characteristic decisiveness in foreign affairs. But it is possible to admire this quality without affirming that it is always found in combination with an equal aptitude for dealing with the labor problem.

A few readers will dislike our attitude toward the candidate whose election we hope for. Some of them will accuse us of giving our case away, being disloyal, blowing hot and cold, firing at our own officers, fouling our own nest. Such are the standard forms likely to be taken by their resentment at seeing in print the opinion that getting nominated never enables a candidate to shed all his human weaknesses. Such misunderstandings are unavoidable. But there will be compensations. Many readers will take kindly to the experiment of talking as freely and candidly in print as thousands of Americans talk privately to one another. These readers may even wonder why such a sensible and obvious course should still at this late day be more or less an innovation.

Behind the Agitations

OPPONENTS of greater preparedness recently exhibited the model of a dinosaur with this threatening legend upon it, "All armor-plate—no brains. Now extinct." To this a wag replied with a picture of a man bearing the label, "Genus Homo, invented the best offensive weapons. Owns the earth." And so the discussion wallows deeper and deeper into confusion. There is no longer any body of facts which both sides agree upon. Each faction has its admirals, its generals, its "experts," its editors, its clergymen, its politicians, its government reports ready to support its particular case. The congressional hearings proved to each person whatever he wished them to prove. If one side has its General Wood, the other has its General Miles, and so far as the plain man can find out the net moral is that the generals disagree. At this moment the country simply does not know whom to believe. There is no authoritative statement of the efficiency and strength of our existing forces, and every estimate made is discredited as just so much partisanship.

It ought not to be impossible to ascertain pretty exactly so concrete a thing as the military equipment of a nation. We have learned to measure infinitely subtler things than that. Yet here we are after more than a year of agitation more hopelessly divided than ever on the basic and essential facts. Now when men tangle themselves up this way, it generally means that the will to believe has dominated them. Their capacity for seeing the truth is ruined by their hot desire to prove a case. Their minds reject whatever conflicts with their policy. Investigation ceases to be a way of reaching conclusions, and becomes a method of supporting conclusions. Their decision is made not on an analysis of evidence, but on some obscure half-recognized impulse which is then rationalized, made respectable, and furbished with an array of those facts which happen to support it.

This conflict of underlying wills to believe is what has set the armament question at sixes and sevens. Thus, those who are for preparedness are making their popular appeal on the theory that the territory of the United States is about to be invaded by the Germans and the Japanese. See for example "The Battle Cry of Peace," any magazine serial on the conquest of America, or the names of the armament societies—National Security League: the method is that of the famous play "An Englishman's Home," which had so great an effect in scaring the British public. Had it been a really prophetic play, had it shown the need of sending millions of Englishmen to Flanders or Gallipoli or Saloniki, it would have been flat—the agitators didn't dare to tell the people the exact truth. So with us. No doubt most of the propagandists sincerely believe in the theory of invasion, but the really informed students of the question have a totally different picture in their minds. When they speak about the defense of America, they mean the defense of American rights at sea, of American interests in China, of American policies about Latin America. They do not imagine that we are to be invaded in order to take away our gold, or put a ransom on our cities. They know that if we are committed to a first class war it will be because we have quarrelled with some great Power about some American right or ambition in some territory not within the boundaries of the United States. The invasion, if it happens, would be the outcome of that sort of quarrel. But in order to secure increased armament the agitation is concentrated on the possibility of invasion, not on the desirability or justice of a conflict in Latin America or China. That is why Michigan votes for Henry Ford. Michigan doesn't think it will be invaded.

We are not trying to justify Michigan, but merely to get at the deeper prejudices which confuse the preparedness discussion. So among the pacifists there exists a revulsion which the defense leagues seem to ignore, and because they ignore it their propaganda is frustrated. What the pacifist sees is not a table of figures showing the military weakness of America. He sees a world in ruins, brought to its ruin by the very same kind of talk and calculation now being used so glibly by the advocates of pre-

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paredness. He sees that Europe thought in terms of rights, honor, armament, expansion, and the result horrifies him. He wishes to know whether we too are doomed to enter that same deadly circle of conscription, national assertion, diplomatic intrigue for which Europe is tortured. He says that the preparedness agitation is an old and bloody story, a hideous repetition of the very thing which prepared Europe for disaster. That is what inspires the pacifist, and that is why sneers leave him unmoved. He feels that there has got to be a new deal in the world, and it terrifies him to think that among those who are loudest for armament there is no hint of a better vision.

Perhaps no better vision is possible, but the pacifist is not yet ready to admit that counsel of despair. What makes the whole preparedness movement hateful to him is that it has come to scorn a better vision. That is what makes the talk cold and alien to him. If he felt that American militarists were really rebellious against the system which has made this war, if he felt some response in them to the need of a more coöperative world, if he felt that in their hearts they cared above all other things for a different order among nations, his antagonism would be infinitely reduced. The reason preparedness is in such a muddle is because there is a fundamental conflict of understanding, a conflict so deep that every fact and every judgment is distorted by it. It would be a totally different discussion if the pacifist could believe that the military enthusiast is not a man of different purpose, but a man who feels the need of a different approach to the same end.

The Great Fighting Phrase

> Let us suppose I suggest to Mr. Asquith to sit down with me at a table and examine the possibilities of peace, and Mr. Asquith begins with a claim of definitive and complete destruction of Prussian military power. Our conversation would be ended before it began. To these peace conditions only one answer would be left, and this answer our sword must give.—von Bethmann-Hollweg, April 5th, 1916.

IT is trite enough to say that a phrase may become a dangerous thing. It is far more difficult to realize that a particular phrase which almost everybody uses has become a fearful peril. Yet it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the two words "Prussian militarism" are the most evil power in Europe.

Mr. Asquith attempted to define the phrase the other day when he said that "as a result of this war we intend to establish the principle that international problems must be handled by free negotiation on equal terms between free peoples, and that this settlement shall no longer be hampered or swayed by the overmastering dictation of a government controlled by a military caste." But this is not a definition, it is a paraphrase which, though splendid in its aspiration, is as far as ever from anything that can be translated into terms of a treaty of peace or even of a military objective. The words "Prussian militarism" do not denote a concrete reality, they have become an elaborate complex of hate and fear and affection. All the world uses the phrase, yet nothing in the world is more difficult than to define it. The manhood of Europe is dying in droves to crush it or to preserve it; the statesmen of Europe use it in their speeches, and no one of them has dared to tell us what it means.

What are the facts behind the phrase? Is it military conscription? Is it the state socialism of Germany? Is it the technical development of German education? Is it the intense nationalism of German thought? Is it the imperialistic ambition of German export trades? Is it the personal insolence of German army officers as caricatured in *Simplicissimus* and revealed at Zabern? Is it the doctrine proposed by many German professors and publicists that a nation is a law unto itself, not bound to respect the weak as in Belgium, or the non-combatant as in the case of the Lusitania? Is it what Mr. Chesterton has called the Myth of the Unconquerable Man?

A spokesman for the western Allies would probably reply that the evil he was fighting under the name of Prussian militarism was not so much any one of these things by itself as an organic combination of them, which has produced a state based on military and intellectual conscription, its policy directed by imperialistic traders and soldiers, glorified by its spokesmen, ruthless in its method, and terribly inspired by the legend of its own greatness.

How does the spokesman of Germany reply? He asks whether the crushing of Prussian militarism means the abolition of compulsory military service, the destruction of German technical organization, the forbidding of imperial expansion in backward countries similar to the expansion of England, France, Russia, Italy, Japan and the United States. He wants to know what specific things the Allies propose to take away from him in order to remove that poison which they call Prussian militarism. He tries to conceive the terms of peace, and he asks how they are to be framed in order to cure him. He points out that he is ready to leave Belgium and indemnify her, to leave France. He turns therefore to the Near East. Bulgaria and Turkey are his allies. He asks whether the ownership of Constantinople by Russia is to be one of the chief cures for Prussian militarism, whether the concession of Galicia to a Russian

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Poland is a cure for militarism, whether the concession to Italy of the Dalmatian coast inhabited by Slavs is a cure for militarism, whether the concession of Bosnia and Herzegovina to Serbia is a cure for militarism.

The Allies would probably reply that while no one of these concessions is a cure for the internal malady of Germany, yet they must be conceded in order that the German people and all the world may have before their eyes permanent obvious symbols of German defeat. Only then, they say, can the pride which inspires German organization be broken, and the German people be compelled to ask their rulers for an accounting.

While the German is thinking this over, he hears that after the war the Allies propose to keep down Prussian militarism by keeping up a tariff alliance against him, to shut him out of the chief markets of the world, to cripple his shipping trade by port regulations, to pool credit against him. The effect, of course, is to stiffen his fighting spirit. If that is the kind of world which peace is to bring, then, say the Germans, the more territory we can conquer and hold the better for our future. If the Entente is to be a permanent economic organization against Germany, then the only hope for Germany is to create a mid-European alliance from Antwerp to Bagdad, from Courland to Trieste, to create it, to hold it, and live in armed isolation within it.

The greater the concrete demands which the Allies pour into their ideal of destroying Prussian militarism, the more attached to it the Germans become. If the phrase is expanded till it means Germany's economic and political future, then the Germans' love of it will grow in proportion to the Allied hate of it. For all the Prussian junker has to say to the Social Democrat is, " Well, you see, you dislike us for Zabern, for the restricted franchise, for our political supremacy. But the war being waged ostensibly against us is really against you, against your chance to trade in the world and to have your part in its politics. The phrase ' Prussian militarism ' is a receptacle of all the hate and jealousy of Germany; it unites Europe against us, it must unite us against Europe."

What can humanity say to this hideous impasse which threatens to destroy the better part of the manhood of Europe, and to organize the world for despair? Must it not begin by demanding that statesmen drop their dangerous abstractions and talk about political and economic realities? Must it not insist upon a definition to take the place of a slogan which arouses the maximum of misunderstanding? Will not the generations curse the statesmen who dared not specify the realities for which millions are going to their death?

Strike Policing

IF there were any virtue in the crude method of trial and error, the American states should long ago have arrived at a satisfactory method for keeping order in time of labor troubles. We have tried all the methods we have been able to think of, but always with the same unhappy result that the labor party has felt that the law has turned into an instrument of oppression in the employer's hand. In some cases we rely upon the local police. Straightway cries are heard that the strikers are brutally abused. Or we call upon the county sheriff, who swears in as many deputies as he judges necessary. If these are inhabitants of the locality they are regarded by the strikers as traitors; if they are brought from a distance, the strikers describe them as gunmen and thugs. There is a great uproar if the deputies are lodged in public buildings: the public funds are being used to fight the employer's battles. There is a greater uproar if they are lodged in the employer's buildings: this is taken as plain proof of partisanship. A third method is that of leaving the employer to provide himself with guards—Pinkertons and the like. What good word has anyone to say for this practise? A fourth method is the organization of a mobile body of state police, to be sent wherever trouble arises. Cossacks, these are called. A fifth method consists in calling out the militia. These are maligned as tin soldiers, trying to distinguish themselves in the brief period of their authority by valiant action against unarmed workingmen. Finally, we have employed the regular army in strike duty, with the result that hundreds of thousands of workingmen look upon the army uniform with hatred and contempt. Enforcement of the law ought to be so impartial as to command the approval of all good citizens. Our methods of enforcing law in labor disputes does not commend itself to the workers, who are as good citizens as any we have. Trial and error, to judge from our experience, has resulted chiefly in error.

The fact is that the labor dispute is so new a thing in history that we have not had time to adjust our legal system to it. We have mastered the problem of the individual lawbreaker. To run him down is a work in which the average bystander is ready to join. We have made progress toward mastering the problem of mob violence. A mob in the proper sense of the term is drawn together by some intense but transitory passion. Its object accomplished, the only bond of union between its individual members is complicity in guilt. Lawbreaking in time of strike is neither individual crime nor mob crime. The man who beats up a strikebreaker or fires a factory building is acting as the representative of a group which is held together by

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permanent bonds. He has gone beyond his mandate, to be sure. But his position is felt by his fellows to be analogous to that of the soldier who has gone beyond the limits of the laws of war in his dealings with the enemy. Such transgression, it may be recognized, deserves the strongest penalties from the group, but it does not dissolve group loyalty. The commander of an invading army may order shot a man taken in the act of arson or rape. But the commander would feel it his duty to rescue even such a reprobate if captured by the enemy. Most members of a union, if they were called upon to decide the fate of a fellow member guilty of assault or of destruction of property, would judge no less harshly than the civil authorities. This does not prevent them from taking the part of the offender if he falls into the hands of the civil authorities.

In brief, the mental attitude of men on strike is that of a group at war. This is the fact that our legal institutions fail to take into account, and that is why every method we have employed in policing strikes has been more or less of a failure. Local police and sheriffs, state police, militia and army, are brought into the complicated industrial situation as impartial defenders of law and order. But they are called for invariably by one of the parties to the struggle—the employers—and are inevitably regarded as the employers' partisans. In the circumstances, action against individual strikers, even for the most urgent reasons, becomes action against the group of strikers as a whole. And so long as this condition obtains, whatever body is called upon to do policing will be subject to the hostility of labor.

Labor has no vested interest in violence. The vast majority of workingmen know that their cause is not advanced by attacks on scabs or the destruction of property. In almost every important strike the labor leaders themselves assume an active part in restraining their followers from committing acts of violence. They consider themselves at war, but they recognize the existence of laws appropriate to war of this kind, laws in themselves quite compatible with public order. The real problem of enforcing the law in time of strike is that of securing the coöperation of the strikers themselves in maintaining order.

In time we shall be forced to recognize the fact that industrial disputes are a normal, healthy element in our economic system, attended, like all other mass phenomena, by occasional pathological lapses, injurious to all parties concerned, but easily made the subject of partisan loyalty. When we recognize this we shall separate the function of strike duty from all other police functions. We shall have a body of strike police, under the exclusive authority of an industrial commission representing both laborers and employers. When a strike is called, the commission will of its own volition send investigators to confer with both parties to the quarrel, to suggest means for reducing the number of points of friction, and will supply such a body of strike police as conditions may require, with power to suppress provocative action on the part of the employers as well as violence on the part of labor. Under this plan it would be possible to utilize fully the forces in both hostile camps making for the maintenance of order. The strike police would not be regarded, as ordinary police or militia now are, as hirelings or partisans of the employer. If compelled to make arrests, they would not appear, as now, to be making capital in public sentiment for the employer.

The advantages that would flow from a rational handling of the problem of strike duty are not confined to the superior efficiency and economy with which order could be maintained in labor disputes. Such a plan would remove the opposition that now makes it impossible, in most states, to create a system of state police adequate for the suppression of ordinary crime. It would free the militia and the regular army from strike duty, and thus make it possible for laborers to enlist with good conscience, secure in the knowledge that they would not be called out to serve against their fellows in the employer's interest. If we are to rely on the national guard as part of our first line of defense, we must attract to it the best of our working class. This we cannot do, everyone knows, under existing conditions. We shall be compelled to grapple with the problem of strike duty in the interest of preparedness. It does not seem too much to urge that we should try to avoid the old errors of partisan organization and to devise a plan based upon a recognition of the fundamental nature of the strike as a natural and useful factor in social readjustment.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1916, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER.

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FOUR DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, FIVE DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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Our Educational Ideal in Wartime

THE war has thrown educational policies into high relief. Its progress and conduct test the aims and methods of the educational system of each combatant nation. As the war proceeds, the test searches out every cranny. As the strong and weak points come to light under the demands of war, neutral nations see their own systems under magnifying glasses of high power. How does it stand with our own?

Externally viewed, the most obvious fact about our system is its inconsistency. We have repaired, patched and extended freely under the pressure of circumstance and immediate demand. Our conscious philosophy has, however, remained timid and traditional. Even when practical urgencies have made big breaches, we have done our best to conceal from ourselves the meaning of what we have done. We have stretched the intellectual mantle of tradition till it has covered the breaches from view, and have settled back to enjoy the consolations of the orthodox catchwords of culture and discipline. Man is a creature of instinct and habit. Action, overt action, is always easier than thought—a laboriously acquired art in which man is still far from at home. I would suggest to those who feel the tension of enforced inaction when all the rest of the world is hard at it, that their energies might better be directed to intellectual scrutiny and construction than to pleas for direct action—which would be hardly more than discharge and relief of nervous strain. And in the problem of moral and intellectual examination, the business of national education stands first.

When we look at the enlarged picture of English and German education which the war has thrown upon the screen, the lesson regarding our own educational aims appears plain. The strong and weak points revealed supplement each other, and they define our own needs. Germany has succeeded in scientific and specialized education, England, at least relatively speaking, in general and humanistic. We have worked sporadically at both, and often with so little definite intent that we have done just enough in one direction to undo our accomplishments in the other. Yet there is a sound instinct in our refusal to commit ourselves exclusively to either one or the other.

Every one who recalls the war of 1870 knows how tritely universal became the remark that the victory was the victory of the German schoolmaster. The intellectual prestige of Germany dates largely from that victory. Its meed of success in the present war is the success of technical education, an education which is everywhere technical and professional no matter what the label of the school giving it. A writer has said that while the Germans have talked much twaddle about culture, there is no doubt about their supremacy in that form of culture known as agri-culture. The same might be said about almost any one of the arts of industry. The consistent application of trained intellect to special practical problems in order to develop and employ a skilled technique has given Germany her efficiency. Her boasted idealism, so far as it has not been sentimental and romantic, has been the idealism of faith in intellect—in scientific method applied to detail, bit by bit, to what has to be done. It is silly to confine the Prussianization of Germany to the inculcation of militarism, and not recognize the educational phase of the work Prussia has done for Germany. Prussia disciplined Germany in specialization of science applied to the conduct of affairs. Let us give her credit along with the debit account.

For the two things belong together. It is impossible to train for highly specialized divisions of labor without creating an almost machine-like social automatism. Everything must fit into everything else, or hopeless confusion at once results. In the early days of the war no remark was commoner than that the Germans, trained as they were to obedience, would break down when the demand came for initiative. The remark did not take into account that their training was an intellectual training dependent upon scientific division of labor, not upon mere mechanical habituations. Only when the whole is thrown out of gear will the parts cease to work. That degree of strain has not been reached; it may not be reached in this war. But the habit of mind thus formed is as incompatible with democracy as is sheer militarism; indeed, a persistently effective militarism is hardly possible without this scientifically organized division of labor in which each part takes its cue from the working of the other parts. For us to take such a system as our exclusive model would indicate that we had already ceased to be ourselves.

What would be our weakness because an attempt at the impossible has been Germany's strength; at least up to a certain point. Beyond that point it has been a weakness for Germany itself. One does not need to be competent in diplomacy to know that Germany has failed miserably in judging other peoples, whether belligerents or neutrals. Her White Book was an obvious success at home; the mental temper of those to whom it was directly addressed was gauged marvellously. But I doubt if

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a single outsider who had previously refrained from committing himself as to the justice of the cause did not conclude that if that was all that Germany had to say for herself, bad indeed must be her cause. The documents issued by the intellectuals for the express purpose of impressing neutral opinion were eloquent in the same sense. Memories are short in these days when events tread so rapidly on one another's heels. But I doubt if anyone can reread, say, the Address to the Civilized World, without being again overcome by those old sensations of incredulity and amazement. Was it possible that men to whom we had been trained to look up could lend their names, even in a moment of patriotic fervor, to such a farrago?

It were rash to generalize from a few instances. But mainly the failure of Germany wherever the general and broadly human factor counted most has been as marked as her achievements wherever it was a question of specialized efficiency. One may be wrong about this or that item. The neutral world can hardly be wrong about the cumulative sum of evidence as to the inability of the German people to judge either themselves or others. And I do not see how this blindness can be explained save upon the basis of a failure in the national education. To develop a generalized social sense is supposedly the object of a humanistic education. So judged, German education has not been humanistic.

English education has been German education upside down. Imagine a German minister gravely announcing that since it had been *recently* discovered that glycerine could be derived from soap fats, the latter would henceforth be contraband—after their importation into Germany had been permitted for months! There are surely cases where the warning not to generalize from a single instance breaks down—even in social matters. England has paid—Belgium and the world have paid—a high price for England's devotion to a literary education. To suppose that any amount of enforced military service would have given England an adequate preparedness under such conditions is to snatch at superficialities. On the other hand, in her foreign affairs England has for a long time been a citizen of the world. Even those who accuse her statesmen of a truly diabolic cunning cannot deny to them the maintenance of the externals of civilization. In connection with her long world-wide responsibilities, the humanistic education of England has accomplished something which we look for in vain in Germany's exhibition of herself to the world.

I do not know how we are to effect in this country a combination of a scientific and a humanistic education. I doubt if anyone knows. But that there lies our problem, I thoroughly believe. We must frankly recognize that the measure of a humanistic education is its results—its production of a social and socialized sense. We must surrender that superstitious tradition which identifies humanism with the interests of literary training, and which in our country, whatever it may have accomplished elsewhere, produces only a feebly pretentious snobbishness of culture. But we must employ science for flexible resourcefulness of adaptation, not for framing social organization into rigid divisions of labor. Surely there must be something behind our tendencies toward smattering and miscellaneous generalities. Were it all the smattering and superficiality and nothing else which it sometimes seems to be, we should be infinitely incompetent. There is some power in the instinct which keeps us, with our alleged worship of efficiency and our materialism, from going in for systematized specialization. That something, I think, is the habit of mind formed by our wide and free range of human contacts. When we learn how to interpenetrate this human sense of one another with thorough training in scientific method and knowledge we shall have found ourselves educationally.

JOHN DEWEY.

The Musical Analogy in Painting

HOWEVER it may turn out in practise, the aim of the modernist painter is not, in theory, difficult to understand. Mr. Andrew Dasburg, in an explanatory note in the catalogue of the recent *Forum* exhibition in New York, puts it concisely. "I differentiate the æsthetic reality from the illustrative reality. In the latter it is necessary to represent nature as a series of recognizable objects. But in the former, we need only have the *sense* or *emotion* of objectivity. That is why I eliminate the recognizable object. When the spectator sees in a picture a recognizable form, he has associative ideas concerning that form which may be at variance with the *actual* relation of the form in the picture; it becomes a barrier, or a point of fixation, standing between the spectator and the meaning of the work of art. Therefore, in order to obtain a pure æsthetic emotion, based alone on rhythm and form, I eliminated all those factors which might distract the eye and interest from the fundamental intention of the picture." To this we may add a sentence from Mr. S. Macdonald-Wright: "Having always been more profoundly moved by pure rhythmic form (as in music) than by associative processes (such as poetry calls up), I cast aside as nugatory all natural representation in my art." This analogy with music is frequently evoked to justify the revolt against rep-

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resentation of nature in painting; the conception it expresses lies, in fact, behind nearly all the modern schools.

While it is not really true that anything affecting our senses can have existence in the mind apart from association, yet everyone knows that good music pleases not through imitation of natural sounds, but through a structure and form of its own. A musical composition is itself an object of consciousness, and it can arouse a sense of its individual form and quality, a kind of delight whose suggestions of ordinary experience are so vague and diffused that we may loosely call it "pure æsthetic emotion." So far the new painters are justified.

Yet the musical analogy is not apt, because it assumes that what can be done through the sense of hearing can be done by a crudely similar method through the sense of sight. Mr. Leo D. Stein has ably shown some of the deeper difficulties; but the fundamental trouble is, I think, really a matter of the most elementary psychology. Hearing is a far less developed sense than sight, and operates in a very different way. Our ears can recognize pitch, tone and rhythm, but they have little ability to locate the source of a sound. They exercise no counterpart of perspective: the distance between the hearer and the sound-producing object can be guessed only by the intensity of the sound; the location of that object in respect to others is almost impossible to determine by hearing unaided. Furthermore, only a few objects give forth sound waves, whereas, if there is any illumination at all, every object within its radius reflects light waves. The ear is in the dark concerning most of the things about it, while, under normal conditions of sight, the eye receives stimuli from the entire field of vision. Even if we are in the midst of many noises, the ear normally receives them as a jumble rather than a carefully assorted group of perceptions. This is because the ear contains no part corresponding to the lens of the eye. The ear-drum is merely the counterpart of the retina; imagine what sort of thing the sense of vision would be if the retina were presented to light waves without any intermediary lens to distribute them into a microcosmos of the world outside. As a result of the way we hear, sounds are not closely associated with actual objects; it is easy for us to conceive sounds apart from their sources. By arbitrarily producing and arranging sounds we can construct a medium which does not suggest ordinary experience, which can be well handled as the material of "pure æsthetic form."

The eye, on the other hand, inevitably identifies every perception with its source. We never see abstract shapes and colors; we see merely the shapes and colors of objects. Each visual object must have a place, it must have an identity, it must exist in relation to the whole material world in front of us. It must arouse associations selected from a memory far richer in specific perceptions than the auditory memory. An arrangement of color and line has infinitely greater obstacles to surmount if it is intended to escape representative associations than has an arrangement of sound.

To say this is not to say that an object cannot embody æsthetic form without imitating something else. It merely means that color and line cannot exist in the mind abstractly, as can sound; they can exist only as attributes of an external world. Moorish ornament and other conventionalized design, products of architecture, porcelains, "objets d'art"; all these, it is true, capture attention for themselves not because they suggest other things, but because of their own organic quality. But all such expressions of visual art must enter the consciousness as objects before they can arouse any sense of structure. They are palpable, they have a place in a definite visual world, they arouse no questions as to what they are intended to be. When we have accepted them concretely, we can go on to recognize their æsthetic form.

There is no reason why a painter who regards his canvas as a flat surface cannot put upon it a decoration which will affect the spectator as does any other æsthetic creation. But the moment a painter treats his surface in a way which makes it look as if it had depth, he begins to represent something, whether he will or no. He is imitating by artificial perspective, by atmosphere, by what-not, things which, if they are found anywhere, are found in the world outside his canvas, not on it. And once his surface ceases primarily to be an object and becomes a representation, he has lost the possibility of dealing with the surface itself as pure aesthetic form. The eye insists on identifying the objects represented; if aesthetic form is to be recognized in the painting, it must be recognized in those objects and their relation to each other. Therefore if a painter represents familiar things so as greatly to distort them, or represents things so unfamiliar or so little defined that the spectator has difficulty in accepting them as identities, he merely interposes an irrelevant difficulty in the path of his æsthetic purpose. Far from directing the spectator's attention away from the representative element of the painting, he has tricked the spectator into undue preoccupation with it.

In the end, the modernist painter is likely to discover that in his case the longest way round is the shortest way home. He is right in saying that great art is not great because it is good imitation of nature, but because it has structure and harmony. He is right in directing attention to this structure and harmony, and in trying experiments with it.

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But, unless the painter wishes to confine himself to the flat decoration of surfaces, he will probably learn that the proper use of representation is the easiest way of persuading the eye to discount that representation as an end in itself, and to accept it merely as a means to the genuine æsthetic effect. "When the spectator sees in a picture a recognizable form," says Mr. Dasburg, "he has associative ideas concerning that form which may be at variance with the *actual* relation of form in the picture." Very true; and poorly conceived pictures lose effect for that very reason. But to evade the difficulty by abandoning recognizable forms is not to solve it. Mastery will always be attained by the painter who uses his imitation of nature in such a way as to strengthen, not to detract from, the intrinsic form of his picture.

GEORGE SOULE.

Lord Northcliffe

SOME historians of the future will consider the career of Lord Northcliffe in a chapter entitled "The Power of the Press." Others, more discerning, will discuss it under "The Decadence of Parliament." For it is not so much any growth in the esteem commonly felt for the press which has made Lord Northcliffe so great a factor in our destinies, as the decline of our representative system. There was no competition for influence between two institutions equally vital. Lord Northcliffe found a vacuum, and he has filled it.

The decay of the House of Commons had been for half a generation the common theme of independent pens. On the eve of the war there were signs enough that its loss of authority was beginning to undermine representative government itself. The coal strike, which coerced it into hasty legislation, was a first example of the power of a section of the wage-earners to achieve by concerted unconstitutional action what the clogged machine would not yield to the pressure of votes. The "triple alliance" of railwaymen, miners and transport workers was preparing fresh successes for the program of politics without Parliaments. The woman-suffrage movement, though not yet on the verge of success, demonstrated against its will the impotence and inelasticity of a party system which failed year after year to convert the votes of a Parliamentary majority into legislation. The imminent civil war in Ulster, and still more the open countenance which our ruling class gave to the rebels, was the last and most humiliating proof that government by Parliamentary majority was actually breaking down.

The reasons for this loss of authority are no mystery. The Cabinet had reduced the party behind it to disciplined impotence, and the Cabinet itself, as it grew in numbers, had fallen in its turn under the dominion of its inner committee. With all the forms of democratic government intact, we had evolved from a too rigid party system what was in effect a narrow oligarchy, worked by alternating teams of half a dozen self-chosen leaders. The war of the "outs" against the "ins" alone mitigated the oppressive system, and even this safeguard had been weakened by the Parliament act, which made it morally certain that any government which could once get a majority would keep it for five years. The House was bound to keep the ministry in office to the end of its term, unless it chose to destroy by its own act its own legislative labors before they had matured for their final enactment. The war suspended party strife, and the debates of the House in the first months of the struggle were nothing but the formal meetings of dignified ciphers, who assembled to register the Cabinet's decisions. Since even the Labor party had signed the party truce, there was neither an organized group nor a recognized leader who could challenge the ministry either in its legislation or in its administration. Such check as there was on the government was all of it outside the Commons. The trade unions kept up a kind of guerilla defense of the freedom of labor against the efforts of Mr. Lloyd George to subject it to a quasi-military organization. Even the House of Lords did something to modify the worst abuses of the Defense of the Realm act. With the formation of the Coalition the power of the Cabinet was definitely consolidated. There was no longer an alternative government to which the critics could point, and the threat of a dissolution reduced all but the boldest to silence. There were at least a hundred Liberal opponents of conscription who at the last moment "found salvation" and refrained from voting against it, because they dared not face at a general election the united opposition of both the party machines.

The self-effacement of an already weakened Parliament gave Lord Northcliffe his chance. Others had essayed mere opposition to the ministry. Man of action that he is, he understood that our plight called for a positive, constructive campaign. The little group of independent radicals in the House, the few weighty independent Peers in the Lords, the stronger trade unions in the country, had all allowed themselves to be manoeuvered into an attitude of negation. They spoke only when they objected to something which was being done. Fighting yesterday against conscription and to-day against tariff changes, the radicals are in danger of becoming the conservative party. Necessary as this service was, it was not a popular rôle. It seemed to have no relation to the one purpose on which the

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country's mind was set, the winning of the war. It was received with indifference or even with impatience by a public which has ears for nothing but the counsels which promise swift victory.

Whether by instinct or by calculation Lord Northcliffe placed himself at the head of this popular current of thought. For ten days or more before the war broke out, while the Liberal press either opposed our participation in it, or affected to think it inconceivable that we should be involved in it, his newspapers called, without a word of flinching or regret, for our unqualified solidarity with Russia and France. When the Belgian issue arose and swept the Liberals into the war-stream, he minimized its significance, and boldly maintained that the central issue of the war was for us the maintenance of our traditional policy of a balance of power. From this attitude he drew, in the months to come, an immense strategical advantage. He appropriated the war as his own. It was the war which he had foreseen and willed, and behind him was the record of twelve years of anti-German propaganda. He could intimidate the Liberal press with a scornful reference to its pacifist past, and the ministry itself did not wholly escape such handling. Only a Liberal ministry could have carried this country all but unanimously into a European war, but it is vulnerable none the less in its record and in its ideals. Lord Haldane was the scapegoat, and when the *Times* drove from the Cabinet the best War Minister we have ever had, on the score of his former friendship for Germany, it established for itself an ascendancy over several of his colleagues, who congratulated themselves on a precarious escape from the fate which had overtaken him. The nomination of Lord Kitchener as his successor was an act which Lord Northcliffe was soon to regret, for the indispensable dictator was a man too aloof to reward with his gratitude the press which had created his legend, nor did he for many a long month favor the Northcliffe policy of conscription.

Early in the war came the singular alliance of Lord Northcliffe with Mr. Lloyd George. Together they devised their political and military manoeuvers; together they conceived the Coalition; together they planned its further concentration into an inner Cabinet of four or five ministers, and together they schemed to involve the country in conscription. It was not an unnatural partnership. Both men have the same indifference to the decorous forms and conventions of English public life. Both men stood, by temperament, for a more energetic and imaginative prosecution of the war. Mr. Lloyd George brought to it the romantic touch and the power of emotional appeal. Lord Northcliffe supplied the backing from property and the instinctive party of war which was not to be found in Mr. Lloyd George's former clientèle. The support of the *Times* made him for the moment the patriotic minister, and he in his turn linked the policies of the *Times* with the inner struggles of the Cabinet.

The Coalition was made less by open agitation than by the dread of revelations which would have exposed the inadequacies of the Liberal Cabinet in providing munitions. The engineering of conscription was on the contrary a masterpiece in the management of crowd psychology. It was a difficult achievement to bring about. We had raised by voluntary service, without the stimulus of invasion, an army of three million men, and its limits were not yet reached. The residuum of unwarlike men was of questionable military value, and the course of the war seemed to call rather for the husbanding of our credit and the increase of our production, than for the unlimited expansion of our armies. The instinctive hatred of the country for compulsion was reinforced by a pride in our record. The men who were left behind, after the three millions were withdrawn from the active forces of public opinion, had an interest in resisting the enforced call to arms. Nothing would have overcome that interest save the cynical device which the Northcliffe press patented and applied. It saw before it the solid mass of sedentary, reluctant citizens who for a year had resisted all appeals. It drove a wedge into them. It conceived the brilliant idea of setting the married against the single. It mobilized the married men to insist that before any of them were called up, all the single should first be conscribed, and while the success of the Derby scheme, menaced by its headlines and suggestions, hung in the balance, it extracted from a Prime Minister, whose political function is to have his hands forced, the now historical "pledge." Never has there been in the history of democracy a neater—or cruder—use of "divide et impera." The formula has been discovered, and it will be used again.

The qualities which have made Lord Northcliffe the greatest force in our public life are a risky combination of limitations with gifts. He understands the average man because, with all his ability, he lives so naturally on his level. The great editors of the past were either politicians or literary men. He is neither. He is the business man who, starting from the successful sale of printed paper, has realized the delirious pleasures of power which this form of wholesale trade alone can promise. Had the censorship allowed him to devote his unrivaled power of management to the provision of the best service of war news in Europe, he might have found in that occupation sufficient scope for his talents. That avenue was closed, and with the eclipse of Parliament the vacuum called him to lead the country. There has been some caprice in his method,

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and at moments his campaigns have seemed to betray only the resentment of the dictator, successful in much, against the few obstacles which still resisted him. His biggest service is, to my thinking, precisely that which has brought him most obloquy. He set himself to combat the mindless optimism in which the country lived during the early months of the war. He could not bring it to a knowledge of the truth without printing admissions with which the enemy has made play. The intention, however, was certainly patriotic, and only a big and resolute man could have gone so far without bringing down on himself the machinery of the Defense of the Realm act.

Here, however, more clearly than elsewhere, one may see the intellectual limitations of the man. He appears to read the facts of the war with more objectivity than ministers, and entertains no delusions about current events. He is no nearer than they to perceiving that these facts involve some revision of policies. He will move no faster than the deluded crowd to the conception of a practicable scheme of peace, and his influence, which has quickened the pace of the war, will also prolong it. Nor does his diagnosis of the reasons for our relative unsuccess carry him beyond impatient assaults on this tradition and that minister. For the complacent finance of the war, the prodigal waste, the rich stream of war profits, the refusal to impose heavy direct taxes, the piling up of debts which will endow the leisured class of tomorrow—for this he and his press has no word of criticism. But it is precisely this cowardly finance which begets in us the easy-going prosperous temper, the sense that war has its very tangible compensations, the mood which cares neither to win the war, nor to make peace.

The ascendency of this hard, competent, limited man rests on the failure of his betters. The price we shall pay for it will be felt when the day of settlement comes. The power which he has built on the exposure of their inadequacies will be used to resist the more conciliatory and the more idealistic policies, which they have compromised by their blunders in diplomacy and their inertness in the conduct of the war.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London, March.

The Railway Wage Situation

SOMETHING over three hundred thousand train-service employees of American railroads have presented to the managers of the various lines a concerted demand for a revision of the existing wage schedule. They propose that the basis of their pay in all but passenger service shall be eight hours or less of time or 100 miles or less of distance, instead of the present basis of ten hours or less of time or 100 miles or less of distance. Linked with this is the demand that for all overtime they shall receive time and one-half. On its face this appears like an attempt to establish an eight-hour day among the trainmen. As a matter of fact, it amounts to a demand for a heavy increase in wages for reasons that are clearly evident to anyone familiar with railway operation.

There are three theoretically possible ways in which the railroads could comply with the demand:

(1). Reconstruct the roads with shorter divisions so as to shorten the time of the freight runs.

(2). Reduce the length of trains so that they could run at higher speed to escape the penalty of overtime.

(3). Pay the increased wages under present working conditions.

As to the first of these theoretical solutions, it may be explained that every road of any considerable length is laid out in a number of divisions, and each of these divisions has certain terminals and yards necessary for switching, handling and making up trains. These have been constructed at great expense. In order to shorten the length of divisions to enable trains to cover them in less time, it would be necessary to relocate the greater number of these yards and terminals. This would be a tremendously costly and difficult task. In congested territory, such as is found throughout the larger part of the eastern United States, it would be a practical impossibility, and in every part of the country it would involve a waste of many millions of capital, the cost of which would have to be paid ultimately by the public in higher rates, or else many now solvent roads would be forced into bankruptcy.

As an alternative to this, it has been suggested in support of the demands made by the men that the speed of trains should be increased, so that, for example, a train which now covers a division 100 miles long in ten hours could make the same run in eight hours. This, it is pointed out, would involve no increase in pay to the train crew.

For many years past the railroads of the country have been engaged in herculean efforts to introduce every possible economy in operation. If it were

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feasible to increase the speed of freight trains, and consistent with safety, it would have been done by the railroads as a matter of economy. But, it may be objected, why should not the railroads cut their long freight trains in two and thereby enable them to run at higher speed? To this the answer is obvious that by doubling the number of trains the number of employees, and consequently the wage bill of the railroads for train service, would be doubled. Multiplying the number of trains would require more locomotives and additional road, yard and roundhouse facilities. The chances of delay and accidents would be correspondingly increased. It would menace the safety of employees and of the traveling public.

Practically, therefore, the railway managers, if they were to grant the demands of the men, would be compelled to adopt the third course and to pay the greatly increased wages which would result. An estimate of this increase, which, while not mathematically exact, is approximately correct, places it at 25 per cent of the present wage bill for train-service employees. This would mean the addition of tens of millions of dollars yearly to the financial burden now resting upon the roads.

The question of a wage advance for any class of workers in any industry necessarily is governed by two considerations. One of these is the justice of the demands themselves, and the other is the employers' ability to pay.

As to the justice of the demands submitted by the train-service employees, there are various considerations which should be taken into account. At the present time they are the highest-paid men in railway employ. Although they comprise only 18 per cent of the whole number of employees they now absorb 28 per cent of the pay roll. Their yearly earnings are very much higher than those of the majority of the men in the railway service, and are more than double the average earnings of wage workers throughout the country.

The wages of the train-service employees have been repeatedly and largely increased within the past few years. Between 1903 and 1914 these increases amounted to from 30 to 42 per cent. It has been asserted that while wages have increased, the so-called productivity of the men, that is to say the amount earned by the roads as a result of their labors, has increased in much greater proportion, and that, therefore, the men are not receiving a fair share of the returns from their labor. An examination of the facts shows that the exact contrary is the case. A compilation covering the period from 1902 to 1911 showed that the operating revenue of the roads per dollar of wages paid to conductors and trainmen had decreased during this period 15.86 per cent. Undoubtedly a similar condition applies in the case of engineers and firemen. It may be noted also that since this compilation was made, further considerable advances have been made in the wages paid to these employees. While the average train load increased during this period 25 per cent, the average annual wages of these two classes of train employees increased 32 per cent. These figures certainly show that the train-service employees received more than a fair share of any alleged increased productivity from their labor.

As to the ability of the employers to pay the increase demanded, there are also some pertinent facts to be considered. In the award of the Interstate Commerce Commission last year in the case of the application of the railroads for permission to increase rates, it was decided by the Commission that the revenues of the roads were insufficient, and that they needed more revenue at that time to cover current expenses. These expenses represented wage advances as well as other factors increasing the cost of operation. It is true that since that time the earnings of the railroads have improved, but that improvement is of a temporary and transient nature inasmuch as it is largely due to conditions created by the European war. Wages once advanced cannot ordinarily be reduced, and any increase in wages made by the roads at the present time would become a fixed charge upon their future operation.

A study of recent reports of the railway systems shows conclusively that the roads should not be called upon to shoulder the increased burden that would result from accepting the present demands, whether the amount be $100,000,000 a year or half that sum, unless they can be allowed to increase their income by raising their rates for service. But the control of their income is a matter that has been taken out of their hands, and concerning which they have little to say. It rests with the Interstate Commerce Commission and with the numerous state commissions. Obviously the roads cannot predicate an advance of wages upon the possibility that they may be allowed to make a corresponding advance in rates. It is recognized in every industry that peak earnings, such as the railroads are now making, do not justify an increase in wages any more than abnormally low earnings over a temporary period justify their decrease. The railroads have not attempted to lower wages during the protracted period of depression of the past few years, but have sought by every other possible economy to reduce their expenses.

The charge is sometimes made that the present financial predicament of the railroads is due, not to advancing wages and other costs of operation, but to financial mismanagement and over-capitalization. Every allegation of this sort that has been advanced

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has been fully exploited in the press for many years past, and has been brought to the attention of the Interstate Commerce Commission. By its action in the Five Per Cent case, already referred to, the Commission virtually discredited these claims so far as the great majority of the roads are concerned.

At the present time a valuation of the railway lines of the country is in progress under the direction of the Interstate Commerce Commission. So far as it has been completed, it shows an actual value greater than the capitalization of the roads. When the task of valuation has been carried through, it undoubtedly will show that this applies to the railroads of the country as a whole.

The truth of the matter is that, except for rigid and far-reaching operating economies applied to everything except wages, it would have been impossible for the railroads of the country, even those that are strongest financially, to maintain dividends or keep out of receiverships up to the present time. Needed improvements, extensions and terminal developments have been sacrificed and much proper maintenance work deferred to achieve this result. To impose an added burden of tens of millions of dollars a year upon the railroads at this time in the interest of a small percentage of the workers, and those the best paid and most favored as to working conditions of all the men employed upon the railways, would be to sacrifice to this small minority the interests of the owners of the railroads, of more than 80 per cent of the employees and of the public at large.

ELISHA LEE,
Chairman Conference Committee of Managers, Eastern Railways.

The Mightier Pen

IF there is one attitude typical of the times it is that of ourselves with our tongues in our cheeks conscious of making history. But already in August, 1914, the Royal Library in Berlin had created a new department which was to gather a possibly complete collection of war literature. Fifteen men and women are now needed only to assort, classify, and catalogue the enormous amount of print that comes to the new department daily, and the whole machinery of the library, with a part of every assistant's and executive's time, is at the service of the purposes and exigencies of the ambitious department. There are agents abroad gathering and sending in books and papers, or gathering and storing them. Announcements that were patriotic appeals for cooperation were sent out, and are still being sent out, asking civil and military authorities, representatives abroad, allies, private individuals of every class, and societies all over the world to collect for the collection, the library offering to pay postage and other costs. Subscriptions were immediately taken out for all German journals and student papers, innumerable foreign magazines and newspapers not on the regular lists; separate subscriptions were invariably taken out for journals with important or exclusive references to the war; and many old subscriptions were duplicated for clipping and special filing.

The day before I visited the collection for the first time more than four and a half tons of newspapers were received. There are about ten thousand books in the collection now; eight thousand have been catalogued and many are accessible. This is exclusive of those books only partially pertinent to the war which come in the natural course of library buying to the other collections, and which later may be justly referred to in the catalogues of the war collection. Of course, as the director of the collection somewhat regretfully remarked, the most "piquant" things are not accessible, being offenses against majesty, uncomplimentary foreign cartoons, war papers, or books endangering whatever secrecy the *Kriegsministerium* thinks necessary to preserve. The catalogues are accessible, however, and the mere record of titles would be sufficient excuse for the collection.

Every possible ramification of the mind is here indicated to the utmost satisfaction of the analytical psychologist. These catalogues are more fascinating than priced catalogues of Sotheby sales. There is the spectrum series of self-justifications, beginning with the "White Book" and translations of it. There are titles after titles of sermons, of which there seem to be more than of anything else, beginning with an entry which read aloud has the sound of a tiny Ilios. "'Gottes Geist muss uns mobil machen!' Römer 8, 12-17, 2 August 1914. General Superintendent D. Justin Jacobi, im Dom zu Magdeburg." At number 53 of the first catalogue begins what might be called the "Hindenberg series." These are regulation books, civil, military and financial chronicles, English stories, French poems, Serbian folklore, and records of legislative procedures. There are "scrap of paper" titles, "dumdum" books, pacifist literature, and documents of regret—"Comment la guerre franco-allemande aurait pu être evitée"—surely the saddest title in history. There are national usurers' books, already asking, "What shall be our winnings after this war?" The first entered war novel is "Die Helden von 1914," by K. A. Marx. Then come "Feldpostbriefe" and Atkins's letters, "Verlustlisten" and little books of faith and hope for those who are to be home alone. In and about all others drift the hawker's titles of war manuals and calendars, "flag songs," German-American publications,

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anthologies of war poems and of "soldiers' gravity and soldiers' humor." There are surveys of neutral opinion, and it appears that the Oxford Faculty of Modern History knows "Why We Are at War." Quite early the catalogues reflect the narrowing of the "world struggle" to England and Germany.

And always more sermons, state papers, translations of state papers, soldiers' songs and earnestness and fun, and the little books of "faith and hope." It is exciting and thrilling, pathetic and baffling, sincerity rampant. It is like going back to the issues of the *Lokal-Anzeiger,* or any large newspaper, for that last, still peaceful week of July, 1914. You are amazed, and futilely indignant. And then suddenly, you come upon the record of somebody's book explaining "The True Causes of the War!" A little further on you learn that someone by the name of Ed. Weber has written "Es Lebe der Krieg!"

From every country comes the same literature: nowhere does our common humanity or inhumanity seem so common as in the books we write and the books we read. To balance the reports of Belgian cruelty to German soldiers are the Bryce reports and Le Queux's "German Atrocites." Someone at home writes of intrenching made easy, and there are more or less scientific drill books, "helps to learn how to shoot," "how to fly an aeroplane," and war cookery books. The jolliest title of all is "War-time Cooking. Three meals for a family of eight at 2/- per day." By Nellie R. de Lissa. London: Simpkins, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co. (1915). 55 S. 8° There are Russian, French, Italian, "Sprachführer," and by now there is undoubtedly a "Hieroglyphics Made Easy." "The Hun in the Hinterland" and "The Unspeakable Prussian" are as faithfully collected and recorded by the Prussian as books on the sale of munitions to belligerents. There is a great deal about socialism and industry and war labor, India and wheat, women at home, Zeppelins, the Dardanelles and Pan-Germanism. There are biographies of the Kaiser and E. V. Lucas's "Swollen-headed William." There are not merely Sven Hedin and Shaw, but the Chestertons and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle; "J'Accuse" is here, and Verhaeren's "La Belgique Sanglante," as well as "Unser Vetter Tartuffe." There are biographies of Joffre, Kitchener, Grey, Jellicoe, as well as of Mackensen, "King Albert's Book"; and Roosevelt's books come in their turn, while there is strangely little about Bernhardi. One instinctively cherishes such a title as "Confiance! Courage! Considérations et prières pour les prisonniers de guerre," that holds its place among all this brazen agitation with firm insistent unselfishness. Then more iron-cross books and solicitude for Rumania, General Botha, Japan, Antwerp, Russian propaganda, English sermons added to German, Bret Harte's "Reveille," "A Children's Book of Painting in Aid of the Belgian Relief Fund," astrological forecasts, submarines, mines, torpedoes and bibliographies of war books. Scotch regiments, estimates of the foe's strength, art in war, Islam, Emden books, war cartoons, war encyclopedias, Royal Medical Corps, book of British heroes, Poland, alcohol and the war, Fichte, Kant and the "Alien Question in England," Ukrainia and the Ukrainians, the "How to Help" series, Who's Who, and Richard Harding Davis; and though there is comparatively little about Austria, one A. K. Graves and an ex-intelligence officer reveal to us the secrets of the German war office.

Ours was the golden opportunity to prepare for the battle of historical books which will begin in earnest when this continuous battle of the war is ended. The librarians were plainly surprised when I said I had heard nothing of such a collection in America. "Und Sie haben Gelegenheiten——!" they invariably began. The evanescent stuff—theatre programs from cities in war zones: Lodz, Valenciennes, Warsaw, Nish; soldiers' newspapers, messages dropped from enemy aeroplanes—"You fools, you are starving, come over to us!"—and those scattered by German fliers; placards—Red Cross placards, communications, factory notices, enemy posters—must be accumulated as they appear, because they go where last year's novels go, and old pins go. The most fascinating section of the collection is in the placard room. There are shelves upon shelves of rolled posters, proclamations, mobilization orders, border warnings, bulletins, illustrated post cards, petitions, pictures, programs, propaganda literature. And besides the "ganze étage," as the director said with pride, full of newspapers, and the rooms stacked with books and magazines and pamphlets, there are cases and cabinets containing sketches made at the front, letters from the front, war correspondents' manuscripts, autographs of important people.

The librarians of the collection gather materials and work over the titles with almost patriotic fervor. These books are actualities to them now in a livelier sense than they ever will be afterward. Now one brings them in almost as allies or captives, not as mere printed pages; one receives them, does not just "get" them; they assemble now, later they will only be collected. The newspapers, the talk, the rumors, the soldiers everywhere, the placards still on the poster pillars, are a pulsing commentary on them, and they on the life visible from the library windows, and there is warm intermingling here. Not the least damage has been done in this war with the pen, and there is no question that since modern warfare has limited the service of the sword to the parade, the pen has proved the letter if not the spirit of the Quaker proverb.

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It might be a higher service if one infallible intelligence could gather all the books the war has bred, to destroy most of them. But in the absence of the infallible intelligence, and in the presence of an understanding of what will take place on the smaller but important fields of desks and library tables when the broader fields are again given over to crops, the Royal Library has done the human thing. Certainly, often the most interesting as well as instructive book is not the best book but the worst, and many of the keenest discernments and weightiest conclusions of the future will be drawn from the most inaccurate theories and polemics of the present.

FERDINAND REYER.

Berlin.

A COMMUNICATION

Senator Cummins on Legal Ethics

THAT a conscientious Senator and a professed progressive, like Mr. Cummins of Iowa, can find ground for criticism of Mr. Brandeis because the latter, as counsel for the Interstate Commerce Commission, admitted that certain railroads needed an increased net revenue, while resisting an increase in rates as the means of getting such revenue, shows so confused and so immoral a conception of the lawyer's function as to call for searching inquiry. Senator Cummins goes so far as to say that if what Mr. Brandeis did was called for by the terms of his retainer, "no reputable lawyer would have entered into such an undertaking or agreed to sustain such a relation to the Commission." Let us see.

The Interstate Commerce Commission is an administrative tribunal of experts, watchful of the interests of the entire country, in the adjustment of railroad problems that transcend state lines—the interests of shippers, of consumers, of investors, of the railroads, in so far as all these interests must be regarded in the ascertainment of the nation's interest. It is not the railroad's commission, or the shipper's commission, or the consumer's commission. It is the nation's commission.

In 1913 the eastern roads applied for permission to increase rates five per cent horizontally. The Commission enlisted the help of Mr. Brandeis in a letter of August 15th, 1913, from Commissioner Harlan:

> "We are of course aware of the fact that the carriers will not fail fully to present their side of the case and the Commission has felt that every effort should be made in the public interest adequately to present the other side. Would you care to undertake that burden? As you are already aware in a number of cases of large importance and wide interest special counsel have been retained by the Commission. They have been referred to as attorneys for the Commission. As a matter of fact that has not been their real relation in these controversies. They have been retained by the Commission not as advocates, or to support any special theory of the issues involved, but as a means by which the Commission might be advised of all the facts, and not have to decide the issues upon a record made up largely in one interest. It is with this general thought in mind that the Commission has reached the conclusion that in the Rate Advance case special counsel should be retained, and I have been asked to ascertain whether your engagements and inclinations are such as to permit you to undertake the task of seeing that all sides and angles of the case are presented of record without advocating any particular theory for its disposition. In making this last observation you will of course understand that you will be expected to emphasize any aspect of the case which in your judgment, after an examination of the whole situation, may require emphasis. The Commission, however, wishes to avoid a record based solely on a particular view or theory."

"After an examination of the whole situation," Mr. Brandeis, though he opposed the horizontal increase, reached the conclusion that some of the roads were right as to part of their contention, namely, that they *did* need more money. This was contrary to the claim of the shippers, particularly to their most rabid mouthpiece, Mr. Clifford Thorne of Iowa. Mr. Brandeis having reached this conclusion, revealed it; having undertaken to see that "all sides and angles of the case" were represented on the record, he did represent the whole public, even though in so doing he was obliged to reject one of the claims of the cattleshippers and farmers of Iowa.

Substantially following the conclusions of its counsel, the Interstate Commerce Commission—with only two members dissenting—rejected the horizontal rate increase demanded. About eight months after this argument, and by reason of the wholly extraordinary conditions resulting from the war, the Commission did grant substantial rate increase. The argument thus made on April 30th, 1914, upon the strength of which the rate increases were denied, is the basis of Mr. Clifford Thorne's claim that Mr. Brandeis "threw" the case against the public, and that argument Senator Cummins now stigmatizes as a "betrayal."

Here is raised an issue of far deeper moment than the fate of Mr. Brandeis's nomination. The issue was clearly presented by Senator Cummins in his cross examination of Lieutenant Governor Eshleman of California. Mr. Eshleman was president of the California Railroad Commission during the rate hearing, and was one of the ablest fighters against railroad abuses. But Mr. Eshleman is clear-sighted as he is courageous. He testified as follows:

> "What I do say is this, that as to Mr. Brandeis in a position that he occupied with the Interstate Commerce Commission, *if he had occupied the position with me as* president of the California Railroad Commission, and had taken any other than an absolutely impartial at-

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titude between the parties, I would have thought he was not performing the duty for which he was employed."

Our administrative law and machinery are still young. They are still in a most critical period of experimentation. To develop an adequate administrative law is vital, if we are to carry out adequately our social program. To this end it is imperative that our administrative commissions should establish themselves as fearlessly and thoughtfully independent tribunals, judicial in temperament, freed from some of the restrictions of the ways of courts, but true to the disinterested traditions of courts. They must avoid partisanship. They must avoid partial truth. That Mr. Brandeis showed himself judicial beyond the accepted standards of the profession in acknowledging the weakness of his case, because his case was the whole truth, is the immediately important, but permanently the less significant aspect of the case. Because he gave such signal proof in the Five Per Cent Rate case that an administrative tribunal through its counsel can deal justly, can be trusted to safeguard the interests of all parties, who together form the public, he has performed a lasting service to the sound development of administrative law.

R. T. Y.

CORRESPONDENCE

From Governor Hunt

SIR: Through the courtesy of one of your correspondents, I recently had opportunity to read a copy of the letter addressed to you under date of February 9th, 1916, by Mr. Walter Douglas, Manager of the Phelps-Dodge interests in Arizona, who takes exception to your published account of the Clifton-Morenci-Metcalf strike.

It has been suggested that I write you briefly concerning the statements which Mr. Douglas has made relative to the conditions existent while the issues were as yet unadjusted, and I would have complied with such suggestion before now, had the serious conditions resulting from the Mexican situation not arisen to make unusual demands upon my time and energy. Although I disclaim any disposition to engage in a spirited controversy with one who is plainly either biased or misinformed regarding this subject, I may properly touch upon some of the points with which Mr. Douglas has dealt in such a caustic manner.

To begin with, I freely concede that the attitude assumed by the mine managers who figured in the Clifton-Morenci-Metcalf strike was a marked departure from precedent, but I cannot so freely concede that their action in leaving the state and declining to treat with their workmen was at all conducive to a speedy and just settlement.

If, in this connection, the mine managers ever pledged themselves to a policy of passivity, and to the exclusion of gunmen and strikebreakers from the mining district, such declaration on their part never was brought authoritatively to my notice. In fairness to the managers, however, it should be said that they in fact did turn their property over to the custody of the sheriff and paid a number of guards to patrol it under his supervision. However, the statement made by Mr. Douglas, that " the principal financial support of the strike was afforded by the moneys so disbursed by the companies," is not supported by facts. It is well known, on the contrary, that most of the strikers' relief funds were obtained through voluntary contributions of sympathetic labor unions and individuals in Arizona and other states.

During the progress of the strike, particularly in its earlier stages, there were undeniably certain disorderly acts of a minor character, but such disorders were for the most part committed by individuals, without the knowledge or sanction of the labor unions. The fact that some individuals, who refused to unite with the great majority of their fellow-workmen in the cause which they represented, were asked either to join the union or leave the camp was seemingly regarded by the strikers as a measure for self-preservation. I have no knowledge, however, of undue violence being used in such cases, and have every reason to believe that the sheriff and the guardsmen sought to give ample protection to every orderly resident. The only man killed during the strike was a union man, who was shot by a newcomer from Duncan.

Mr. Douglas's implied charge that the strikers were in any degree responsible for the burning of an abandoned mill, which was covered by insurance, is not supported by the report of the commanding officer of the guardsmen, who wrote that the cause of this fire was defective electric wiring in contact with the roof of the structure. Mr. Douglas neglected to state that the strikers made heroic efforts to save the building and that several were seriously injured in the performance of such voluntary work.

While perfectly normal conditions cannot be expected to endure within a district where thousands of men are on strike, I believe the facts sustain me in the statement that the general moral tone and freedom from lawless acts maintained during the strike were even greater than ordinarily maintained in times of peaceful industry.

With reference to the concentration camp maintained by the companies at Duncan, Arizona, I can hardly place credence in Mr. Douglas's assertion that the objects of this camp were purely philanthropic. A national guard officer of Mexican birth, who in the guise of a workman gained admission to the Duncan colony, reported in writing on his return that previous employment by the companies was not a prerequisite for enjoyment of the privileges of the encampment, and that it was understood among the campers that as soon as their number should acquire sufficient proportions, they would enter the strike zone and go to work. The officer reported further that he was not questioned concerning previous employment by the companies.

Regarding the recall and other intimidating measures employed against me during the strike, there is much that could be said, but as these developments were in a sense political, and in view of my disinclination to foster in any unnecessary way a controversy with Arizona's greatest employer of labor, thereby widening that breach between classes which must inevitably be regarded as deplorable by every thoughtful public-spirited citizen, further comment is needless.

GEO. W. P. HUNT,
Governor of Arizona.

Phoenix, Arizona.

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After the Play

IT has been the fashion for some years to speak of Mr. Galsworthy as impartial, to note the painful suspense in which his own emotions have been held. That he has felt keenly no one could doubt. His books and plays are the outcome of susceptibility. But that susceptibility Mr. Galsworthy has seemed to constrain. A forced fairness, as of one powerless to accept and yet equally powerless to reject, has qualified his account of the England into which he was born.

In "Justice," the drama that has waited since 1910 for its American production, Mr. Galsworthy has at last found a theme in which his own peculiar susceptibilities have been able in all fairness to be given their ultimate scope. In most of his other creations he was dealing with an impalpable force, with a cruelty or obtuseness or pharisaism in the English people that were matters of discernment, matters that required an assent in his listeners and that could hardly be put to the proof. Even in "Strife," where his own sympathies were evident, he could not pretend that the ruling class had not principles by which it morally subsists. Such principles might revolt Mr. Galsworthy. To himself they would be impossible. But even more would it be impossible to satisfy his ache for fairness by indulging in a single assumption that the ruling class could think unfair. But in "Justice," a tragedy, the force against which Mr. Galsworthy proceeded was no longer impalpable. It was all the philistinism of the English that he so hates summed up and panoplied in the sanctioned action of the law. Anglo-Saxon philistinism is not easy to impale. Outside social institutions it can twist and argue "common sense" and insist on good intentions equal to your own. But Mr. Galsworthy found in "Justice" a condensation of the detested island attributes. The things in the Anglo-Saxon that are an outrage to him he found here quite unmitigated and unquestioned and justified. This was not like the case of capitalism, where the intentions of the orthodox might conceivably be misconstrued. In "Justice" the orthodox became overt. It was not necessary to go behind their record. To exhibit in the record everything which violated his own contrary presumptions about life was possible without imputing one base motive or asking for one admission that the philistine might choose to dispute.

One's friends in the legal profession are not inclined to be impressed by "Justice." Its sincerity they do not deny, or its sensitiveness. But even admitting that its incident is reported with complete veracity, they regard it as "uplift" propaganda, a single instance of legal misadventure interpreted with unreasonable and disproportionate seriousness, a bit of pleading that in the end is shallow, sentimental and "special."

If the issue of the junior clerk that Mr. Galsworthy presents were in any way a false or romanticized issue, the righteousness which Falder collides with could honorably absolve itself, and all the strength of Mr. Galsworthy as recusant would vanish. But the more one thinks about "Justice," the less shallow the case against the philistines seems to be. It is not as if Falder's forgery were in any way palliated. Mr. Galsworthy selects for the victim of philistinism just the kind of creature that philistinism is fain to denounce. There is no glamour about this junior clerk. His own advocate does not pretend that he has innocence. On the basis of an eye for an eye, he merits the worst. He is not in the slightest sense a hero. The one affair that reveals his humanity is an instinctive, unhappy, irregular affair of love. But just because he is guilty of a sin against property, just because his feebleness forces him into the hands of society, the onus of that guilt and feebleness is all the more a test of the society that presumes to judge.

For it is not merely the law that Mr. Galsworthy portrays in "Justice." It is public opinion. The tribal forces behind the conventions of property are the most obvious, but no less involved are the forces that support the conventions of marriage. Falder stole "for her," and it is the conspiracy of two powerful conventions that brings him guilty to the bar. And when one says that these powerful conventions are the philistines', one means that they are one's own. It is we, after all, who have this wretched creature to deal with, this wretched tangle of fair emotions and false situations to unravel. It is we who ask the junior clerk to be junior, to decide to be equable about injustice to her whom he loves, to keep from functioning if it is too expensive for him to function, to take his medicine if he gets caught, and not to wince if the medicine is a poison that corrodes his veins.

"I'm a family man—I don't want to hear anything unpleasant. Excuse me—I'm very busy." That is the amiable Mr. Cokeson's reaction when the results of the tribal code are about to come home to roost. It is usually our own reaction when an artist asks us to believe that our general accepted morality can possibly be out of joint. To face actual suffering—that is one thing. Most of us think we can stand it. But to question the tribal code—that is different. Then we remember we are family men. "There is enough of horror and grimness and sordid squalor in real life," says an American leader, "with which an active man has to grapple; and when I turn to the world of literature—of books considered as books, and not as instruments of my profession—I do not care to study suffering, unless for some sufficient purpose." Precisely. Most of us are like that, or like Cokeson. We don't want to hear anything unpleasant if it upsets the morality by which we live.

But the beauty of "Justice" is that it does seek to upset our morality, to show us what comes from being good citizens who set the laws in motion, good judges who administer it, good prison officials who inflict its penalties, good family men who hold our noses when the stench begins.

Whatever society ordains, whether in peace or in war, men come soon to assume is as natural as the air of the room in which they breathe. It is only the recusant, the man unregulated, who can honestly say whether the air is actually foul. In "Justice" Mr. Galsworthy has quietly, patiently, moderately insisted that for him, with his kind of spirit, the air of Anglo-Saxon "justice" is too bitter and poisonous to breathe.

As it is acted at the Candler Theater in New York, "Justice" goes home. An article could be written about the extraordinarily imaginative and sensitive performance by John Barrymore as Falder, and there is much to say about O. P. Heggie's Cokeson, a fine example of the actor's art. But the supreme thing is the use Mr. Galsworthy makes of a minor incident to show how a decent conscience can be lacerated by the things good men do. It is not, as it may seem, an appeal *ad misericordiam*. It is not under-dog sentimentality. It is, at least for the present writer, a firm and clear estimate of the consequences that arise when the man who is handicapped is broken on the tribal wheel.

F. H.

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Books and Things

BY dint of effort I can almost recover the days when I thought I knew what an educated man ought to be. Somewhere in Huxley I had just come across the ideal definition. It was a stimulant and an excitement and an inspiration. Under its spell I made a resolution which is still a source of legitimate pride. In spite of difficulties which would have staggered or shattered a will less violently awake, in spite of the four years I had just spent at a good school, in spite of the four years I was about to enjoy at a good college, I resolved to get an education. This new and revolutionary ambition haunted me like a passion. For days and nights I thought of nothing else. For seven days, perhaps, and part of one night. In the second week, say, comfortable habits and new interests began to make life uncomfortable for this alien ambition. Before long they killed it. At first its grave was marked by a stone, suitably and yet decently inscribed. This ambition died without issue. During the years that came next I no more thought of becoming an educated man than I thought of becoming a satrap, the founder of a new and improved religion, the conqueror of Siniolchum, or the discoverer of a pole. With torpid and unaffected cynicism I found my place among those of whom Huxley has said: "They work to pass and not to know, and nature takes her revenge: they do pass and they don't know."

Nowadays, no doubt because so much of my time is passed among men who belong to the Phi Beta Kappa, I realize that I shall never meet an educated man. Definitions and descriptions of him move and charm and thrill me, as I am thrilled when reading of the swift runner who could beat the arrow to their mark. But of course I know an uneducated man when I see one. The uneducated man is one, for example, who can read "A Modern School," Mr. Abraham Flexner's pamphlet, Number 3 in the occasional papers published by the General Education Board, and carry away the notion that the kind of school Mr. Flexner believes in is a soft and effortless place. Mr. Flexner says: "Most of what a child should do coincides with its own preference, or with a preference very readily elicited. But preference or lack of preference on the child's part is not the sole or final consideration." And again: "Compulsion will be employed, however, to accomplish anything that needs to be accomplished by compulsion, provided it can be accomplished by compulsion." To say nothing of these passages, there is also throughout the pamphlet such a flavor of exact, decisive mind that a liking for softness is inconceivable in its author. One must be uneducated indeed to mistake the assertion that much effort is wasted in our schools for an assertion that no effort is needed.

Mr. Flexner, who quotes "figures to show how egregiously we fail to teach Latin," says several things from which I dissent utterly. "Neither Latin nor Greek," he writes, "would be continued in the curriculum of the Modern School—not, of course, because their literatures are less wonderful than they are reputed to be, but because their present position in the curriculum rests upon tradition and assumption. A positive case can be made out for neither." On the contrary, nothing is easier than to make out a positive case for Latin. To my study of Latin I owe my conception of my relation to the world. For seven years I lived with the Latin language, just as I have lived with life for forty-seven, without acquiring a knowledge of either life or Latin. The study of Latin was valuable precisely because, being an education in failure, it was a preparation for life, in which a certain percentage of the pupils pass and an insignificant percentage take honors. To spend hours upon hours in misdirected effort, to make less effort than is needed to gain a certain end, to have no idea what the end is that we should like to gain—this is a lot common to students of Latin and to the children of men. To remember one's experience with Latin is to hold the key to most experience.

In a note Mr. Flexner says: "I should perhaps deal with yet another argument—viz., that Latin aids in securing a vigorous or graceful use of the mother tongue. Like the arguments previously considered, this is unsubstantiated opinion; no evidence has ever been presented in proof." Here too I dissent, though not from what Mr. Flexner explicitly says. In any generation the men who use their mother tongue with grace or vigor are few, and it is impossible, in the case of any one of them, to prove that his mastery of English would have been greater if he had known Latin or less if he had not. But one can perceive, even when one's own acquaintance with Latin is of the slightest, that traits which give one pleasure in the verse of Milton and of Tennyson, in the prose of Walter Pater and Max Beerbohm, are there because each of these authors has known Latin and loved it. Each of them might have written as well if he had known no Latin: that is and must remain uncertain. What is certain is that each would have written differently. Mr. Flexner strikes me as denying this by implication, as underestimating, when he surveys the many English writers who have known Latin well, the pleasure given to us by the few whose English has been colored by this knowledge.

Rumor says that somewhere in England, at the Perse School, I believe, quite ordinary boys do learn to read Latin with ease. Before Latin is excluded from the Modern School I should like to have this rumor investigated. If the methods employed in the Perse School are successful, and can be successfully copied, why not have certain pupils in the Modern School, the few who have shown a keen interest in letters, exposed at one time or another to Latin? To know Latin well must be great fun. To learn a little is to heighten one's interest in English words as a medium of expression. Translation from Latin into English must sometimes be an amusing game:

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus
rumoresque senum severiorum
omnes unius aestimemus assis.
soles occidere et redire possunt:
nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,
nox est perpetua una dormienda.

Let us live, my Lesbia, and let us love:
Old men's sayings are for old men wise enough:
Give them a farthing for the price of the stuff.
Suns may set and suns upon earth arise:
As for us, when for us the brief light dies,
There is only night, and an everlasting sleeping.

Had I been Mr. Arthur Symons's parents, and had I foreseen his ability to turn Catullus into such English, I should never have sent him to a Latinless school. Neither, by the way, would Mr. Flexner. P. L.

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The World as Playground

A Book-Lover's Holidays in the Open, by Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

WHEN you speak of Mr. Roosevelt's "new" book you have to be specific. This season the distinguished author has had twins. The other book, "Fear God and Take Your Own Part," was a political production. This is a personal production, or as nearly personal as is likely to happen. Here we have Mr. Roosevelt among the moose and the cougars and the Hopi Indians, among the rogue elephants and the semipalmated sandpipers. It is a collection of diverse articles, most of them dealing with fauna, combining in their entirety to give one a strong draught of Mr. Roosevelt the man.

It is a commonplace to speak of Mr. Roosevelt's vitality, his self-confidence, his naturalness. In political situations these qualities can be variously interpreted. It is a wise man who knows how they are to be judged. As they are made manifest in this book, however, they give one an indisputable sense of an extraordinarily liberated personality. This makes "Holidays in the Open" like the saga of a hero of old.

Somewhere in "The Freudian Wish," by Edwin B. Holt, there is an analysis of the frustrated man. "The man with suppressions is capable of no act which some part of his own nature does not oppose, and none which this now suppressed part will not probably some day in overt act undo. There is no course of action into which he can throw his whole energy, nothing which he can 'wish' to do which he does not wish, to some extent and at the same time, not to do. Thus he can never do the good unreservedly, never without secret rebellion 'in his heart.' And such a man is not good. In the same way he is never free, for all that he would do is hindered, and usually, in fact, frustrated by his own other self." And the generalization is offered: "Only the sane man is good and only the sane man is free."

What strikes one about Mr. Roosevelt's personality in these papers is the complete absence of the impediments that make a man other than free. His ability to throw his whole energy into life appears not so much as an endowment as the outcome of "a self-contained and internal" freedom. This healthy freedom is a real joy to behold. It does not follow, to borrow Mr. Roosevelt's own way of putting things, that a man who is free and good in one set of circumstances will be equally free and equally good in another set of circumstances. A bull that sees green may be magnificently energetic, with consequences entirely different from the same bull seeing red. What seems "self-contained and internal" freedom among the Somalis may not pan out among the poltroons. But the circumstances detailed in this book are in truth very varied. They challenged almost everything in Mr. Roosevelt except his political wisdom and ambition, and they exhibited him uniformly as a man wonderfully at home on this planet, a man with a genius for action, a man with wide and contagious sympathies, a man without "secret rebellion 'in his heart.'" This unity of temperament is one of the rarest things on earth. It is intensely inspiring. To miss its inspiration here is to be emotionally dense.

It is not that Mr. Roosevelt is an artist. If one had never heard of him, much of this book would be flat. But under the sun many a flat landscape is enlivened, and the light of Mr. Roosevelt's spirit plays even through his appendices at the end. He has practically no sense of form. He halts his description of the Hopi snake-dance to speak of "the further development and adaptation" of Indian culture as "an important constituent element in our national cultural development"—just so much sand served free with a narrative salad. He pauses in the middle of Argentina to deliver encomiums on the "good and fertile mothers in all classes of society," and somewhere northwest of Quebec he again raises the finger of Doctor Munyon to arrest us in our eager pursuit of bull moose while he holds forth on "a moral change which threatens complete loss of race supremacy because of sheer dwindling in the birth-rate." The "atrophy of the healthy sexual instinct" is undoubtedly a most terrible thing. There are sermons in rabbits, if one is so disposed. But when Mr. Roosevelt sharpens our appetite for "A Curious Experience" his spiel on race-suicide is dismaying. And it is impossible not to be moved to laughter when he passes on from praising two "fine, healthy, manly young fellows" who harpooned flounders to shaking his fist at certain base "guardians of cultivation, philanthropy, and religion" who "deliberately make a cult of pacificism, poltroonery, sentimentality, and neurotic emotionalism," and never harpoon a flounder till it is fried.

But if Mr. Roosevelt jumbles up his stories and his sermons, if he leaves his jewels in the matrix, if he takes space to say gravely that one Herschel was "a man of knowledge and experience" and the half-hour he spent with him was most pleasant, the net result is spontaneous and thrilling. A lack of a need for suppression very largely makes him what he is. He can be banal. He painstakingly notes "a wonderfully beautiful little lake of lovely green water." But by virtue of this very unconsciousness, this healthy "I say so," he is enabled to release unrestricted a stream rich with impressions and observations worth while. "Faithful black followers, hawk-eyed and steel-thewed," come into the picture, "men of the deep woods, as stealthy and wary as any of the woodland creatures." Cattle of the Chilean rondeo swing by—"these were not longhorns, staring, vicious creatures, shy and fleet as deer," his quick eye detects, "they were graded stock, domestic in their ways, and rather reluctant to run." He delights unfeignedly in the frigate-birds soaring in circles above the storm. Low islands that appear in the Gulf under the "splendid and pitiless" sun are magic for him with their thousands of tern. Beaver, jaguar, wart-hog, ant-eater, hartebeest, impalla, roan antelope, caribou—all of them characterized and realized, and the eye that measured the angry lion or the poisonous snakes creeping in the Hopi hut about his feet can also give us the tragedy of a greenhead insect battling with a sheriff-fly for his life.

So intense is Mr. Roosevelt's interest in the phenomena of the moment that one thinks of him as busy eyes and ears. Yet there is hardly a page of this book that does not indicate a mind with thronged perspectives. He has, as his chapter on "Primeval Man" shows, a large inclusive vision of the human drama, and one feels that life does really mean to him a remarkably keen "joy of the mind." More than anything else this joy gives depth and significance to the apparently heterogeneous episodes of his book. "As a man steams into the Mediterranean between the African coast and the 'purple, painted headlands,' of Spain, it is well for him if he can bring before his vision the galleys of the Greek and Carthaginian mercantile adventurers, and of the conquering Romans; the boats of the

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wolf-hearted Arabs; the long 'snakes' of the Norse pirates, Odin's darlings; the stately and gorgeous war craft of Don John, the square-sailed ships of the fighting Dutch admirals, and the lofty three-deckers of Nelson, the greatest of all the masters of the sea." That is a grand and characteristic passage, imaginative, pictorial, dynamic. It sees life as a guerdon flung to the adventurer, the conqueror, the pirate, the fighter, the master. It thrills at the memory of dynamic peoples in the past, and looks with flashing eyes over a pathway that hides such a memory in its heart. It is a sublimation of the warrior in the man who speaks.

The temperament that seems so unified on the basis of fertility and virility is incalculable on many topics. There is a chapter on "books for holidays." A glint of Mr. Roosevelt's humor appears in this section. "I like apples, pears, oranges, pineapples, and peaches. I dislike bananas, alligator-pears, and prunes. The first fact is certainly not to my credit, although it is to my advantage; and the second at least does not show moral turpitude." Among the plays of Shakespeare "Macbeth" and "Othello" are among the peaches, "King Lear" and "Hamlet" among the prunes. Mr. Roosevelt is worth following through all his confessions of taste. "When I lived much in cow camps I often carried a volume of Swinburne, as a kind of antiseptic to alkali dust, tepid, muddy water, frying-pan bread, sow-belly bacon, and the too-infrequent washing of sweat-drenched clothing." "It is only a very exceptional novel I will read if He does not marry Her."

A tireless passion for life is not common, especially one that is so wise as to be whetted rather than slaked by experience. That passion Mr. Roosevelt possesses, and celebrates in this book. It is the book of one who has slain and risked being slain. It is not the work of a Hamlet. It is not as a Hamlet that Mr. Roosevelt faced the bull moose that so "wantonly," "deliberately," waylaid him in Canada. But even Hamlets ought to remember how kind Mr. Roosevelt was to try to avoid slaying that "vicious," "menacing" man-killing, most evil bull moose.

F. H.

Charles Francis Adams

Charles Francis Adams, 1835-1915, an Autobiography. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

"MY observation in life," says Mr. Adams, "leads me to believe most nearly every human being has an aptitude; that is, there is something he or she can do better than all other things. One in a hundred, again, has a remarkable aptitude; and, in one in a thousand, this aptitude is developed into something extraordinary." With his usual good sense Mr. Adams picked out a turn for literary expression as his own aptitude. With his usual injustice to himself he rated his aptitude far too low. He could not write anything, a book, a Phi Beta Kappa oration, a paper for the Massachusetts Historical Society, a private letter, without making it sound like his voice and taste of his character.

The Adamses are the nearest thing to aristocrats that we have in the North. From generation to generation the family has produced men of high character and intellectual force. To be in contact with great affairs and to lead other men are Adams traditions. Another family trait is a kind of loneliness in busy life, a curt unexpansiveness that keeps people at a distance. Charles Francis Adams had the family traits and traditions, the habit which he calls introspective, the industry, the nonconformity, the inability to play. To read his autobiography is to feel that you have been in the same room with these things. It is an extraordinarily interesting book, candid, self-condemnatory, self-respecting, filled with a pungent valor, with a humility that stands on its own legs.

All his life Charles Francis Adams sought self-knowledge. He did not stalk himself in the hope of gaining self-knowledge by surprise. His method was the frontal attack. He examined the things he had done, believing he could learn what he was like by making a list of debits and credits. He was fond of putting his failures and successes down in black and white. Being a straight natural person he got more satisfaction out of his successes than out of his failures, but this book testifies to the pleasure he took in setting his failures down. In his own opinion his education was a series of mistakes. If he had revolted openly against the kind of life forced on him by his father he would have respected himself more. At college a mistake was made when he just missed learning to read Greek for amusement. He made a mistake when he decided to be a lawyer, when he waited for several months after the Civil War broke out before volunteering, when he refused a desirable place on General Humphreys's staff, when he kept the presidency of the Union Pacific eighteen months too long.

The autobiography records these and other mistakes, and regrets them with such emphatic sincerity that at length one becomes sorry for Mr. Adams, and gives a very eager welcome to passages where his self-respect appears,

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his satisfaction in good work solidly done, in his ten years on the Massachusetts Railroad Commission, in Quincy's finances and library, in the formation and management of the Kansas City Stock Yards Company, in the Boston park system. Then one stops to think, and decides to be less sorry for Mr. Adams. He had a troublesome, self-judging conscience, but it was not a curse. At the time of writing this autobiography, as often before in hours of leisure, on the long rides he liked so well, he judged himself with harsh modesty. But on the whole he was far too busy a man for indulgence in this self-judging habit to have occupied much of his time. Even when he was a very young man his family connections brought him into contact with great affairs, with the men who were running things. He fought for more than three years of the Civil War. By his study of railroads he gained a knowledge of them which was rare in that time, and by his fullness of knowledge he persuaded the Massachusetts legislature to create in 1869 a railroad commission, in which he was for the ten years of his service "by common consent the controlling mind." He was president of the Union Pacific for nearly seven years, "passed in my office, largely in the society of stenographers." He was an active and reforming Harvard overseer. The patience and leisure to imagine which he brought to his historical studies are exceptional in a life so filled with other activities. To look upon his work and to see that it was not very good was his life-long habit, but this habit never made him sit still, never interrupted either his studies or his public-spirited labor.

Something very characteristic of Charles Francis Adams is revealed by his regrets. In 1893 he lost a great deal of money. Straightening out his affairs occupied him for a good many years thereafter. He condemns his lack of wisdom. But how much less does he regret losing money than he regrets wasting time! How few of us have the peculiar kind of character, the particular valiancy which made money losses, in Mr. Adams's case, the thing he regretted least of all!

It would be inexact to say that in this book Charles Francis Adams criticizes his own aristocratic class, for in this country there is no such class. But he does criticize the situation into which membership in the Adams family put him. He criticizes Boston and the Puritan spirit with shrewd humor. Himself he has elsewhere described accurately as "otherwise-minded." He was from an early age an active-minded heretic, whose heresies were not large and revolutionary, but in comparison with major heresies affairs of detail. So with his originality. Except in his early perception of the importance of railroads, and in his swift decision to master their problems, his originality was in details. But an originality which discovers and sticks to a few leading ideas may leave a man's character rather savorless, and a day by day originality on a smaller scale may foster the growth of a strongly individual quality like Mr. Adams's. When he laments he is sturdy. There is something combative even in his wistful moods. With a stouter belief in himself Mr. Adams would have been a greater man, but his character could hardly have been more individual, more hand-made, more sharply stamped by a virtue that has always, since the beginning of time, been called antique. His autobiography will be read as long as readers want to know what it was like to be born a Puritan leader. It is a book to read and keep and reread, amusing, sad, tonic, courageous, vivid, pugnacious. It is a record of New England at its best, of energetic toil without high spirits, of a self-distrust that has unflinching eyes. P. L.

White Magic

The Listeners and Other Poems, by Walter De La Mare. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.20

THE present writer was brought up on a square, thin, red book of nursery verses, called The Daisy. Queen Victoria, as any sightseer at Kensington Palace may verify, had the same advantage. One of the rhymes in this book began as follows:

A very young lady
With Susan the maid,
Who carried the baby,
Was one day afraid—

And it goes on to tell how a fine fellow, the Man at the Mill, entirely allayed the false fears of the very young lady in connection with a well-intentioned cow.

The narrative is flat, the vocabulary is without distinction, yet for some reason these absurd lines have a certain charm. Why? It was hard to say until the poetry of Mr. De La Mare gave us the clue. This nursery rhyme has the charm of inevitable inflection. The phrase and the meter are so adjusted that you can say it in only one way —the way the author meant you to say it.

The illustration is trivial, but the same ability as exercised by Mr. De La Mare is anything but trivial; it is moving to the highest degree. You can read his poems only as he means them to be read, and be assured that that is in a very thrilling sort of way. For the time being, your inflection, your breathing, perhaps even the beating of your heart, become a necessary part of the poem. The sense and the rhythm are so wedded that they intensify each other. The idea gains excitement from the pauses and accelerations of the meter, and the necessities of the phrase develop new and unexpected cadences in the rhythm. It is this, partly, that gives to his poetry the magical quality.

But it is not only this; nor is it only his choice of subject. Other poets have set their stage as liberally with ghosts and night-birds, and stars twinkling through bare branches. The mystery we feel in Mr. De La Mare's verse is an inherent quality of his inspiration.

Almost everyone who has written verse knows the sensation of receiving it—if not from without, at least from an unknown power within. Poets have believed in their daimons as firmly as Socrates did. They may understand that it is all an illusion, the result of past hard work and present concentration. Nevertheless they know very well that once in so often it will turn up and offer them a poem, as it were, on a platter.

Verse of this nature is by no means uniformly good, but it is from verse so inspired that the great poems have come. Pope, for instance, had no daimon, or would not listen to it. To Byron it came, but not regularly. It visited Keats constantly, sometimes to his detriment. Shelley was growing more and more intimate with his.

All of Mr. De La Mare's poetry—the worst and the best—is daimonic. Mr. De La Mare has a daimon and an extremely potent one. It does with him, quite obviously, whatever it wants. It has had relations with the daimons of the early ballad-makers and with the daimon of Poe, but probably found the former too anecdotal and the latter too ghastly to please it. It knows about the most delightful things, about shadows and ivory-towers, and scarecrows, and Arabia, and what happens after everybody has gone out of the room. As for witches, it knows everything there is to know about them. Best of all, it com-

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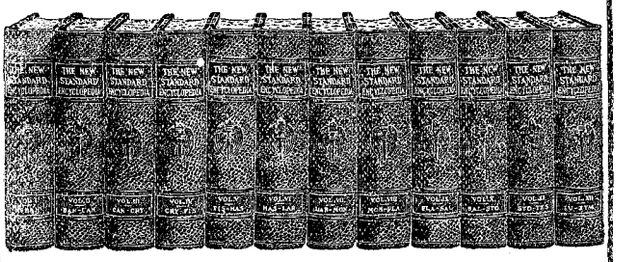

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Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake;
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

This is magical—magical as opposed to thoughtful, narrative, sensuous, musical, descriptive, or any other classification of poetry that you may choose to make. It is a miracle. Those who believe that the most essential element in poetry is the miraculous will estimate Mr. De La Mare as a great poet.

ALICE DUER MILLER.

A Plea for Socialism

Socialism as the Sociological Ideal: A Broader Basis for Socialism, by Floyd J. Melvin, Ph.D. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. $1.25.

THE title of this book is somewhat ambiguous. Its real subject is the sociological exposition of socialism rather than socialism as the ideal of sociology. The sociological development of socialism is new and important, but is not altogether a novelty. Edmond Kelly has made the same apology brilliantly from a Spencerian standpoint. Both authors write from an individualistic standpoint, and both succeed admirably in avoiding state socialist conclusions.

This new book of Melvin's is undoubtedly a special plea for socialism, but no reader will deny that it is both a liberal and an honest plea. The writer seems somewhat old-fashioned in taking his departure from a discussion of the relative value of various social ideas and in taking the doctrine of the survival of the fittest as basic in the argument. The book does contain certain novelties however; for example, when it regards socialism as the apotheosis of public education.

"For essential procedure in every attempt to educate consists in bringing to bear on the individual the influences of an environment artificially fashioned, in which it is hoped that the desired development will work out. Socialism proposes to do this in the large, not merely with children in the calculated environment of the socialist state. *Socialism is the apotheosis of public education.*"

Although the book contains no new information and few original ideas, it is unusual in its sympathetic but thoroughly non-partisan attitude towards its subject. It avoids entirely the traditional and orthodox socialist methods. It seems to guarantee that we are passing into a period of broader and more liberal discussion of the subject. But for Kelly's book it would represent a radical advance, and in any case Melvin demonstrates that we are still able to maintain the high standards the former writer set up without in any way merely repeating him. The chief advance Melvin has made is in the general conception of his work and the sociological method he employs rather than in its contents.

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